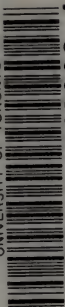
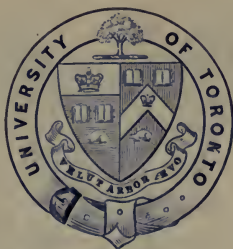


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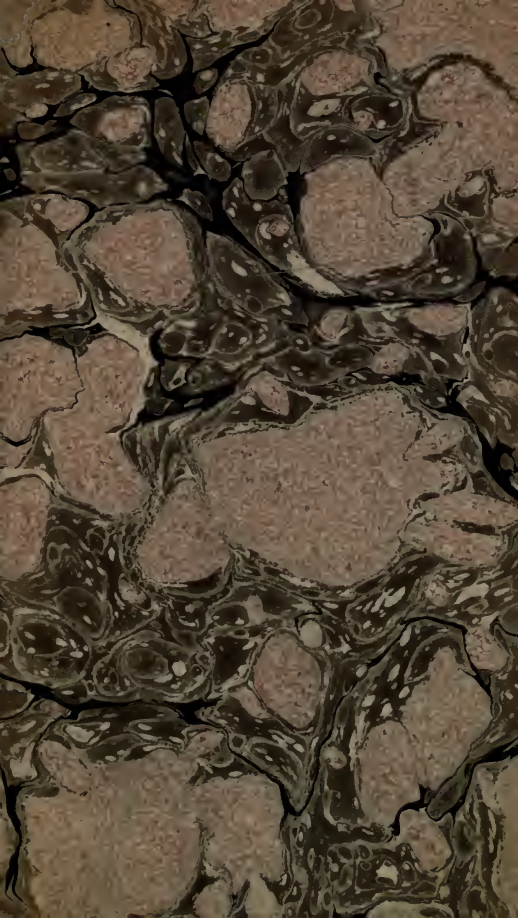
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Madame de la Mothe Guion

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POEMS

Translated from the French of
MADAME DE LA MOTHE GUION,

BY THE LATE

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THE TASK.

To which are added

SOME ORIGINAL POEMS
OF MR. COWPER,

NOT INSERTED IN HIS WORKS.

[ed. by William Bull]

THE SECOND EDITION.

NEWPORT-PAGNEL,

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1799

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TO

THE REV. WILLIAM BULL,

these Translations of a few of the Spiritual Songs

OF THE EXCELLENT

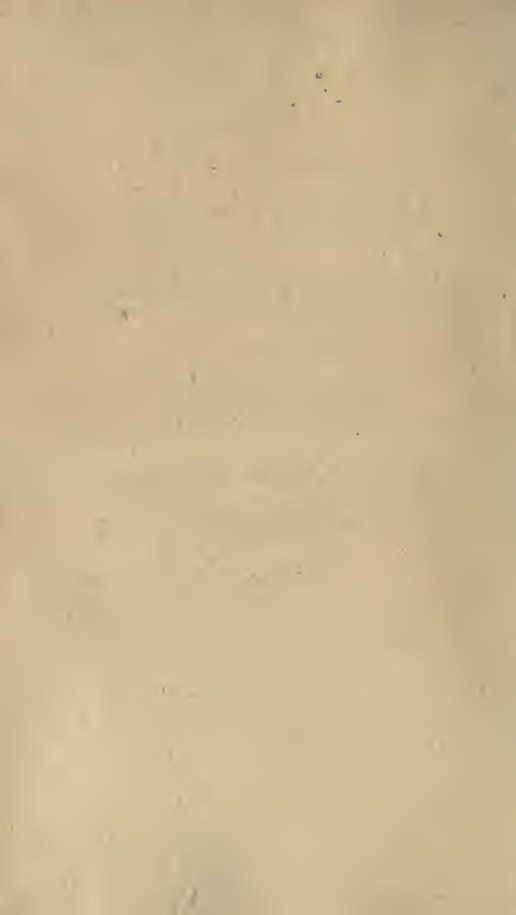
MADAME GUION,

made at his express desire, are dedicated,

by his affectionate Friend and Servant,

WILLIAM COWPER,

July, 1782,



Preface.

IT seems needless, if not impertinent, in an obscure individual, to say any thing in praise of the Author of the Task. It is of more consequence to inform the reader of the circumstances that have led to this publication. About twenty years ago a very dear and venerable friend* introduced me to the truly great and amiable Mr. Cowper. This gave rise to a friendship which increased with every repeated interview, and for several years I had the pleasure of spending an afternoon with him every week. At length this delightful intercourse was terminated, by his removal to a distant situation, and the painful approaches of that event which dissolves every social connexion,

* *The Rev. John Newton, Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth,
London,*

One day amusing myself with the poetical works of the celebrated Madame Guion, I was struck with the peculiar beauty of some of her poems, as well as edified with the piety and devotion of which they are strongly expressive. I mentioned them to Mr. C.; and partly to amuse a solitary hour, partly to keep in exercise the genius of this incomparable man, I requested him to put a few of the poems into an english dress. Afterward, during my absence upon a journey, I received a letter in which Mr. C. says, “I have but
“ little leisure, strange as it may seem. That little I
“ devoted for a month after your departure to the
“ translation of Madame Guion. I have made fair
“ copies of all the pieces I have produced on this
“ last occasion, and will put them into your hands
“ when we meet. They are yours to serve as you
“ please, you may take and leave them as you like,
“ for my purpose is already served. They have
“ amused me and I have no further demand upon

“ them.” On my return, Mr. C. presented me with these translations, to which he added the Letter to a Protestant Lady in France, and the Poem on Friendship.

The idea of printing them was afterwards suggested to Mr. C; and he gave his full consent, intending to revise them before I should send them to the press. Various circumstances prevented him from doing this; and the poems would probably have still remained unpublished, if it had not been found that several copies of them had already got abroad. The Editor therefore had reason to believe, that they would otherwise have made their appearance in a state far less correct than if printed from the original Manuscript. Nor can he imagine that even in their present form, they will, on the whole, tend to diminish the well-deserved reputation of their excellent Author.

To infer that the peculiarities of Madam Guion’s heological sentiments, were adopted either by Mr. C.

or by the Editor, would be almost as absurd as to suppose the inimitable Translator of Homer to have been a pagan. He revered her piety, admired her genius, and judged that several of her poems would be read with pleasure and edification by serious and candid persons.

I have taken the liberty to add the Stanzas subjoined to the Bills of Mortality, which had been published a few years past at Northampton; and the Epitaph, which had appeared in a periodical publication. They sufficiently mark the genius of their Author, correspond with the other parts of this small volume, and have not before been printed in a uniform manner with his poems.

William Bull,

NEWPORT-PAGNEL,

6th of June, 1801.

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THE
NATIVITY.

Poeme Heroique—Vol. 4. § 4.

TIS Folly all—let me no more be told
Of Parian porticos, and roofs of gold;
Delightful views of Nature dress'd by Art,
Enchant no longer this indiff'rent heart;
The Lord of all things, in his humble birth,
Makes mean the proud magnificence of Earth;
The straw, the manger, and the mould'ring wall,
Eclipse its lustre; and I scorn it all.

Canals, and fountains, and delicious vales,
Green slopes, and plains whose plenty never fails;
Deep rooted groves, whose heads sublimely rise,
Earth-born, and yet ambitious of the skies;
Th' abundant foliage of whose gloomy shades,
Vainly the sun in all its pow'r invades;
Where warbled airs of sprightly birds resound;
Whose verdure lives while winter scowls around:

Rocks, lofty mountains, caverns dark and deep,
And torrents raving down the rugged steep ;
Smooth downs, whose fragrant herbs the spirits cheer ;
Meads crown'd with flow'rs; streams musical and clear,
Whose silver waters, and whose murmurs, join
Their artless charms, to make the scene divine ;
The fruitful vineyard, and the furrow'd plain,
That seems a rolling sea of golden grain ;
All, all have lost the charms they once possess'd ;
An infant God reigns sov'reign in my breast ;
From Bethl'em's bosom I no more will rove ;
There dwells the Saviour, and there rests my love.

Ye mightier rivers, that with sounding force
Urge down the valleys your impetuous course !
Winds, clouds, and lightnings ! and ye waves, whose heads
Curl'd into monstrous forms, the seaman dreads !
Horrid abyss, where all experience fails,
Spread with the wreck of planks and shatter'd sails ;
On whose broad back grim Death triumphant rides,
While havock floats on all thy swelling tides,
Thy shores a scene of ruin, strew'd around
With vessels bulged, and bodies of the drown'd !

Ye Fish, that sport beneath the boundless waves,
And rest, secure from man, in rocky caves ;

Swift darting sharks, and whales of hideous size,
Whom all th' aquatic world with terror eyes !
Had I but Faith immoveable and true,
I might defy the fiercest storm, like you :
The world, a more disturb'd and boist'rous sea,
When Jesus shews a smile, affrights not me ;
He hides me, and in vain the billows roar,
Break harmless at my feet, and leave the shore.

Thou azure vault, where, through the gloom of night,
Thick sown, we see such countless worlds of light !
Thou Moon, whose car, encompassing the skies,
Restores lost nature to our wond'ring eyes ;
Again retiring, when the brighter Sun,
Begins the course he seems in haste to run !
Behold *him* where he shines ! His rapid rays,
Themselves unmeasur'd, measure all our days ;
Nothing impedes the race he would pursue,
Nothing escapes his penetrating view,
A thousand lands confess his quick'ning heat,
And all he cheers, are fruitful, fair, and sweet.

Far from enjoying what these scenes disclose,
I feel the thorn, alas ! but miss the rose :
Too well I know this aching heart requires
More solid good to fill its vast desires ;

In vain they represent his matchless might
Who call'd them out of deep primæval night ;
Their form and beauty but augment my woe :
I seek the Giver of those charms they shew ;
Nor, Him beside, throughout the world he made,
Lives there, in whom I trust for cure or aid.

• Infinite God, thou great unrivall'd ONE,
Whose glory makes a blot of yonder sun ;
Compar'd with thine, how dim his beauty seems,
How quench'd the radiance of his golden beams !
Thou art my bliss, the light by which I move ;
In thee alone dwells all that I can love ;
All darkness flies when thou art pleas'd t' appear,
A sudden spring renews the fading year ;
Where'er I turn, I see thy power and grace
The watchful guardians of our heedless race ;
Thy various creatures in one strain agree,
All, in all times and places, speak of thee ;
Ev'n I, with trembling heart and stammering tongue,
Attempt thy praise, and join the gen'ral song.

Almighty Former of this wondrous plan,
Faintly reflected in thine image, Man—
Holy and just—the Greatness of whose name
Fills and supports this universal frame,

Diffus'd throughout th' infinitude of space,
Who art thyself thine own vast dwelling place ;
Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours
Discerns, eluding our most active pow'rs ;
Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
That veil thy face, and keep thee still unknown ;
Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,
Lord of the thoughts, and Sov'reign of the heart !

Repeat the charming truth that never tires,
No God is like the God my soul desires ;
He at whose voice heav'n trembles, even He,
Great as he is, knows how to stoop to me——
Lo ! there he lies—that smiling infant said,
“ Heav'n Earth, and Sea, exist ! ”—and they obey'd.
Ev'n he whose Being swells beyond the skies,
Is born of woman, lives, and mourns, and dies ;
Eternal and Immortal, seems to cast
That glory from his brows, and breathes his last.
Trivial and vain the works that man has wrought,
How do they shrink and vanish at the thought !

Sweet Solitude, and scene of my repose !
This rustic sight assuages all my woes——
That crib contains the Lord whom I adore ;
And Earth's a shade, that I pursue no more.

He is my firm support, my rock, my tow'r,
I dwell secure beneath his shelt'ring pow'r,
And hold this mean retreat for ever dear,
For all I love, my soul's delight is here.

I see the Almighty swath'd in infant bands,
Tied helpless down, the Thunder-bearer's hands !
And in this shed, that mystery discern,

Which Faith and Love, and they alone, can learn.

Ye tempests spare the slumbers of your Lord !
Ye zephers, all your whisper'd sweets afford !
Confess the God that guides the rolling year ;
Heav'n, do him homage ; and thou Earth, revere !
Ye Shepherds, Monarchs, Sages, hither bring
Your hearts an offering, and adore your King !
Pure be those hearts, and rich in Faith and Love ;
Join in his praise, th' harmonious world above ;
To Bethl'hem haste, rejoice in his repose,
And praise him there for all that he bestows !

Man, busy Man, alas ! can ill afford
T' obey the summons, and attend the Lord ;
Perverted reason revels and runs wild,
By glitt'ring shews of pomp and wealth beguil'd ;
And blind to genuine excellence and grace,
Finds not her Author in so mean a place.

Ye unbelieving ! learn a wiser part,
Distrust your erring sense, and search your heart ;
There, soon ye shall perceive a kindling flame
Glow for that Infant God from whom it came ;
Resist not, quench not that divine desire,
Melt all your adamant in heavenly fire !

Not so will I requite thee, gentle Love !
Yielding and soft this heart shall ever prove ;
And ev'ry heart, beneath thy power should fall,
Glad to submit, could mine contain them all.
But I am poor, oblation I have none,
None for a Saviour, but Himself alone :
Whate'er I render thee, from thee it came ;
And if I give my body to the flame,
My patience, love, and energy divine
Of heart and soul and spirit, all are thine.
Ah vain attempt, t' expunge the mighty score !
The more I pay, I owe the still the more.

Upon my meanness, poverty, and guilt,
The trophy of thy glory shall be built ;
My self-disdain shall be th' unshaken base,
And my deformity, its fairest grace ;
For destitute of Good and rich in Ill,
Must be my state and my description still.

And do I grieve at such a humbling lot ?
Nay, but I cherish and enjoy the thought——
Vain pageantry and pomp of Earth, adieu !
I have no wish, no memory for you ;
The more I feel my mis'ry, I adore
The sacred Inmate of my soul the more ;
Rich in his Love, I feel my noblest pride
Spring from the sense of having nought beside.

In Thee I find wealth, comfort, virtue, might ;
My wand'rings prove thy wisdom infinite ;
All that I have, I give thee ; and then see
All contrarieties unite in thee ;
For thou hast join'd them, taking up our woe,
And pouring out thy bliss on worms below,
By filling with thy grace and love divine
A gulph of evil in this heart of mine.
This is indeed to bid the valleys rise,
And the hills sink—'tis matching Earth and Skies !
I feel my weakness, thank thee, and deplore
An aching heart that throbs to thank thee more ;
The more I love thee, I the more reprove
A soul so lifeless, and so slow to love ;
Till, on a deluge of thy mercy toss'd,
I plunge into that sea, and there am lost.

GOD NEITHER KNOWN NOR LOVED
BY THE WORLD.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 2. Cantique 11.*  
~~~~~

YE Linnets, let us try, beneath this grove,
Which shall be loudest in our Maker's praise !
In quest of some forlorn retreat I rove,
For all the world is blind, and wanders from his ways.

That God alone should prop the sinking soul,
Fills them with rage against his empire now ;
I traverse Earth in vain from pole to pole,
To seek one simple heart, set free from all below.

They speak of Love, yet little feel its sway,
While in their bosoms many an idol lurks ;
Their base desires well satisfied obey,
Leave the Creator's hand, and lean upon his works.

'Tis therefore I can dwell with man no more ;
Your fellowship, ye warblers ! suits me best :
Pure Love has lost its price, though priz'd of yore,
Profan'd by modern tongues, and slighted as a Jest.

My God, who form'd you for his praise alone,
Beholds his purpose well fulfill'd in you ;
Come, let us join the Choir before his throne,
Partaking in his praise with spirits just and true !

Yes, I will always love ; and, as I ought,
Tune to the praise of Love my ceaseless voice ;
Preferring Love too vast for human thought,
In spite of erring men who cavil at my choice.

Why have I not a thousand thousand hearts,
Lord of my soul ! that they might all be thine ?
If thou approve—the zeal thy smile imparts,
How should it ever fail ! Can such a fire decline ?

Love, pure and holy, is a deathless fire ;
Its object heav'nly, it must ever blaze :
Eternal Love, a God must needs inspire,
When once he wins the heart, and fits it for his praise.

Self-love dismissed—'tis then we live indeed—
In her embrace, death, only death is found :
Come then, one noble effort, and succeed,
Cast off the chain of Self with which thy soul is bound !

Oh ! I would cry that all the world might hear,
Ye self-tormentors, love your God alone ;
Let His unequall'd Excellence be dear,
Dear to your inmost souls, and make him all your own !

They hear me not—alas ! how fond to rove
In endless chase of Folly's specious lure !
'Tis here alone, beneath this shady grove,
I taste the sweets of Truth—here only am secure.

THE
SWALLOW.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 2. Cantique 54.*  
~~~~~

I AM fond of the Swallow—I learn from her flight,
Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of Love :
How seldom on Earth do we see her alight !
She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
Suspended and pois'd in the regions of air,
'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,
It is wing'd like herself, 'tis ethereal fare.

She comes in the Spring, all the Summer she stays,
And dreading the cold, still follows the sun—
So, true to our Love, we should covet his rays,
And the place where he shines not, immediately shun.

Our light should be Love, and our nourishment pray'r;
It is dangerous food that we find upon Earth;
The fruit of this world is beset with a snare,
In itself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

'Tis rarely, if ever, she settles below,
And only when building a nest for her young;
Were it not for her brood, she would never bestow
A thought upon any thing filthy as dung.

Let us leave it ourselves ('tis a mortal abode)
To bask ev'ry moment in infinite Love;
Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road
That leads to the day-spring appearing above.

THE
TRIUMPH OF HEAVENLY LOVE
DESIRED.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 2. Cantique 236.*  
~~~~~

AH! reign, wherever Man is found,
My Spouse, beloved and divine!
Then I am rich, and I abound,
When ev'ry human heart is thine.

A thousand sorrows pierce my soul,
To think that all are not thine own:
Ah! be ador'd from pole to pole;
Where is thy zeal? arise; be known!

All hearts are cold, in ev'ry place,
Yet earthly good with warmth pursue;
Dissolve them with a flash of grace,
Thaw these of ice, and give us new!

A
FIGURATIVE DESCRIPTION
of the

PROCEDURE OF DIVINE LOVE

*In bringing a Soul to the point of Self-renunciation and
absolute acquiescence.*

~~~~~  
Vol. 2. *Cantique* 110.  
~~~~~

'Twas my purpose, on a day,
To embark, and sail away ;
As I climb'd the vessel's side,
Love was sporting in the tide ;
“ Come,” he said—“ ascend—make haste,
Launch into the boundless waste.”

Many mariners were there,
Having each his sep'rate care ;

They that row'd us, held their eyes
Fixt upon the starry skies ;
Others steer'd, or turn'd the sails
To receive the shifting gales.

Love, with pow'r divine supplied,
Suddenly my courage tried ;
In a moment it was night ;
Ship, and skies, were out of sight ;
On the briny wave I lay ;
Floating rushes all my stay.

Did I with resentment burn
At this unexpected turn ?
Did I wish myself on shore,
Never to forsake it more ?
No—" my soul," I cried, " be still ;
If I must be lost, I will."

Next, he hasten'd to convey
Both my frail supports away ;
Seiz'd my rushes ; bade the waves
Yawn into a thousand graves :
Down I went, and sunk as lead,
Ocean closing o'er my head.

Still, however, life was safe ;
And I saw him turn and laugh :
“ Friend,” he cried, “ adieu ! lie low,
While the wintry storms shall blow ;
When the spring has calm’d the main,
You shall rise and float again.”

Soon I saw him, with dismay,
Spread his plumes, and soar away ;
Now I mark his rapid flight ;
Now he leaves my aching sight ;
He is gone whom I adore,
’Tis in vain to seek him more.

How I trembl’d then, and fear’d
When my love had disappear’d !
“ Wilt thou leave me thus,” I cried,
“ Whelm’d beneath the rolling tide ?”
Vain attempt to reach his ear !
Love was gone, and would not hear.

Ah ! return, and love me still ;
See me subject to thy will ;
Frown with wrath, or smile with grace,
Only let me see thy face !

Evil I have none to fear,
All is good if thou art near.

Yet he leaves me—cruel fate !
Leaves me in my lost estate—
Have I sinn'd ? Oh say whercin ;
Tell me, and forgive my sin !
King, and Lord, whom I adore,
Shall I see thy face no more ?

Be not angry ; I resign,
Henceforth, all my Will to thine ;
I consent that thou depart,
Though thine absence breaks my heart ;
Go then, and for ever too ;
All is right that thou wilt do.

This was just what Love intended,
He was now no more offended ;
Soon as I became a child,
Love return'd to me and smil'd :
Never strife shall more betide
'Twixt the Bridegroom and his Bride.

A

CHILD OF GOD
LONGING TO SEE HIM BELOVED.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 2. Cantique 144.*  
~~~~~

THERE'S not an Eccho round me,
But I am glad should learn
How pure a fire has found me,
The Love with which I burn.
For none attends with pleasure
To what I would reveal;
They slight me out of measure,
And laugh at all I feel.

The rocks receive less proudly
The story of my flame;
When I approach, they loudly
Reverberate his name.

I speak to them of sadness,
And comforts at a stand ;
They bid me look for gladness,
And better days at hand.

Far from all habitation,
I heard a happy sound ;
Big with the consolation
That I have often found ;
I said, " my lot is sorrow,
My grief has no alloy ;"
The rocks replied—" to-morrow,
To-morrow brings thee joy."

These sweet and secret tidings,
What bliss it is to hear !
For, spite of all my chidings,
My weakness and my fear,
No sooner I receive them,
Than I forget my pain,
And happy to believe them,
I love as much again.

I fly to scenes romantic,
Where never men resort;
For in an age so frantic,
Impiety is sport.
For riot and confusion,
They barter things above;
Condemning, as delusion,
The joy of perfect Love.

In this sequester'd corner
None hears what I express;
Deliver'd from the scorner,
What peace do I possess!
Beneath the boughs reclining,
Or roving o'er the Wild,
I live, as undesigning,
And harmless as a child.

No troubles here surprize me,
I innocently play,
While providence supplies me,
And guards me all the day;

My dear and kind Defender
Preserves me safely here,
From men of pomp and splendour,
Who fill a child with fear.

ASPIRATIONS OF THE SOUL
AFTER GOD.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 2. Cantique 95.*  
~~~~~

My Spouse ! in whose presence I live,
Sole object of all my desires.
Who know'st what a flame I conceive,
And canst easily double its fires ;
How pleasant is all that I meet !
From fear of adversity free,
I find even sorrow made sweet ;
Because 'tis assign'd me by Thee.

Transported I see thee display
Thy riches and glory divine ;
I have only my life to repay,
Take what I would gladly resign.

Thy will is the treasure I seek,
For thou art as faithful as strong;
There let me, obedient and meek,
Repose myself all the day long.

My spirit and faculties fail;
Oh finish what love has begun!
Destroy what is sinful and frail,
And dwell in the soul thou hast won!
Dear theme of my wonder and praise,
I cry, who is worthy as Thou!
I can only be silent and gaze;
'Tis all that is left to me now.

Oh glory, in which I am lost,
Too deep for the plummet of thought!
On an ocean of deity toss'd,
I am swallow'd, I sink into nought.
Yet lost and absorb'd as I seem,
I chaunt to the praise of my King;
And though overwhelm'd by the theme,
Am happy whenever I sing.

GRATITUDE AND LOVE TO GOD.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 2. Cantique 96.*  
 ~~~~~

ALL are indebted much to thee,
 But I far more than all,
 From many a deadly snare set free,
 And rais'd from many a fall.
 Overwhelm me, from above,
 Daily, with thy boundless Love.

What bonds of Gratitude I feel,
 No language can declare ;
 Beneath th' oppressive weight I reel,
 'Tis more than I can bear :
 When shall I that blessing prove,
 To return thee Love for Love ?

D

Spirit of Charity, dispense
Thy grace to ev'ry heart ;
Expel all other Spirits thence,
Drive self from every part ;
Charity divine, draw nigh,
Break the chains in which we lie !

All selfish souls, whate'er they feign,
Have still a slavish lot ;
They boast of Liberty in vain,
Of Love, and feel it not.
He whose bosom glows with Thee,
He, and he alone is free.

Oh blessedness, all bliss above,
When *thy* pure fires prevail !
Love only teaches what is Love ;
All other lessons fail :
We learn its name, but not its pow'rs,
Experience only makes it ours.

HAPPY SOLITUDE—UNHAPPY MEN.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 2. Cantique 89.*  
 ~~~~~

My heart is easy, and my burthen light ;
 I smile, though sad, when thou art in my sight :
 The more my woes in secret I deplore,
 I taste thy goodness, and I love, the more.

There, while a solemn stillness reigns around,
 Faith, Love, and Hope, within my soul abound ;
 And while the world suppose me lost in care,
 The joys of angels, unperceiv'd, I share.

Thy creatures wrong thee, O thou sov'reign Good !
 Thou art not lov'd, because not understood ;
 This grieves me most, that vain pursuits beguile
 Ungrateful men, regardless of thy smile,

Frail beauty, and false honor, are ador'd ;
While Thee they scorn, and trifle with thy word ;
Pass, unconcern'd, a Savior's sorrows by ;
And hunt their ruin with a zeal to die.



LIVING WATER.



Fol. 4. Cantique 81.



THE fountain in its source,
No drought of summer fears ;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply ;
The morning sees them amply fill'd,
At ev'ning they are dry.

TRUTH AND DIVINE LOVE
REJECTED BY THE WORLD.

~~~~~  
*Vol 2. Cantique 22.*  
~~~~~

O Love, of pure and heav'nly birth !
O simple Truth, scarce known on earth !
Whom men resist with stubborn will ;
And more perverse and daring still,
Smother and quench, with reas'nings vain,
While error and deception reign.

Whence comes it, that, your pow'r the same
As His on high, from whence you came,
Ye rarely find a list'ning ear,
Or heart that makes you welcome here ?
—Because ye bring reproach and pain
Where'er ye visit, in your train,

The world is proud and cannot bear
The scorn and calumny ye share ;
The praise of men the mark *they* mean,
They fly the place where *ye* are seen ;
Pure Love, with scandal in the rear,
Suits not the vain ; it costs too dear.

Then, let the price be what it may,
Though poor, I am prepar'd to pay ;
Come shame, come sorrow ; spite of tears,
Weakness, and heart-oppressing fears ;
One soul, at least, shall not repine,
To give *you* room ; come, reign in mine !

DIVINE JUSTICE AMIABLE.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 2. Cantique 119.*  
 ~~~~~

THOU hast no lightnings, O thou Just !
 Or I their force should know ;
 And if thou strike me into dust,
 My soul approves the blow.

The heart, that values less its ease,
 Than it adores thy ways ;
 In thine avenging anger, sees
 A subject of its praise.

Pleas'd, I could lie conceal'd and lost
 In shades of central night ;
 Not to avoid thy wrath, thou know'st,
 But lest I grieve thy sight.

Smite me, O thou whom I provoke !
And I will love thee still :
The well-deserv'd, and righteous stroke,
Shall please me, though it kill,

Am I not worthy, to sustain
The worst thou canst devise ;
And dare I seek thy throne again,
And meet thy sacred eyes ?

Far from afflicting, thou art kind ;
And in my saddest hours,
An unction of thy grace I find,
Pervading all my pow'rs.

Alas ! thou spar'st me yet again ;
And when thy wrath should move,
Too gentle to endure my pain,
Thou sooth'st me with thy Love.

I have no punishment to fear ;
But Ah ! that smile from thee,
Imparts a pang, far more severe
Than woe itself would be.

THE
SOUL THAT LOVES GOD FINDS HIM
EVERY WHERE.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 2. Cantique 108.*  
~~~~~

OH thou by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;
My Love ! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment !

All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impress'd with sacred love ;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee ;
In heav'n, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time ;
My country is in ev'ry clime ;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art thou alone ;
Nor other can I claim or own ;
The point where all my wishes meet ;
My Law, my Love ; life's only sweet !

I hold by nothing here below ;
Appoint my journey, and I go ;
Though pierc'd by scorn, oppress'd by pride,
I feel thee good—feel nought beside.

No frowns of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heav'nly Love ;
Though men and devils both condemn,
No gloomy days arise from them.

Ah then ! to his embrace repair ;
My soul thou art no stranger there ;
There Love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.



THE
TESTIMONY
OF
DIVINE ADOPTION.



Vol. 2. Cantique 78.



How happy are the new-born race,
Partakers of adopting grace ;

How pure the bliss they share !
Hid from the world and all its eyes,
Within their heart the blessing lies,
And Conscience feels it there.

The moment we believe, 'tis ours ;
And if we love with all our pow'rs
The God from whom it came,
And if we serve with hearts sincere,
'Tis still discernible and clear,
An undisputed claim.

But ah ! if foul and wilful sin
Stain and dishonour us within,
Farewell the joy we knew ;
Again the slaves of Nature's sway,
In lab'rins of our own we stray,
Without a guide or clue.

The chaste and pure, who fear to grieve
The gracious spirit they receive,
His work distinctly trace ;
And strong in undissembling love,
Boldly assert and clearly prove,
Their hearts his dwelling place.

Oh messenger of dear delight,
Whose voice dispells the deepest night,
Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove !

With thee at hand to sooth our pains,
No wish unsatisfied remains,
No task, but that of Love.

'Tis Love unites what Sin divides ;
The centre where all bliss resides,
To which the soul once brought,
Reclining on the first great Cause,
From his abounding sweetness draws
Peace passing human thought.

Sorrow foregoes its nature there,
And life assumes a tranquil air,
Divested of its woes ;
There, sov'reign goodness soothes the breast,
Till then, incapable of rest,
In sacred sure repose.

DIVINE LOVE
ENDURES NO RIVAL.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 2. Cantique 155.*  
~~~~~

Love is the Lord whom I obey,
Whose will transported I perform,
The centre of my rest, my stay,
Love all in all to me, myself a worm.

For uncreated charms I burn,
Oppress'd by slavish fear no more ;
For one, in whom I may discern,
Ev'n when he frowns, a sweetness I adore.

He little loves Him, who complains,
And finds him rig'rous and severe ;
His heart is sordid, and he feigns,
Though loud in boasting of a soul sincere.

Love causes grief, but 'tis to move
And stimulate the slumb'ring mind ;
And he has never tasted Love,
Who shuns a pang so graciously design'd.

Sweet is the cross, above all sweets,
To souls enamour'd with thy smiles ;
The keenest woe life ever meets,
Love strips of all its terrors, and beguiles.

'Tis just, that God should not be dear,
Where self engrosses all the thought,
And groans and murmurs make it clear,
Whatever else is lov'd, the Lord is not.

The love of Thee flows just as much
As that of ebbing self subsides ;
Our hearts, their scantiness is such,
Bear not the conflict of two rival tides.

Both cannot govern in one soul;
Then let self-love be dispossess'd ;
The Love of God deserves the whole,
And will not dwell with so despis'd a guest.

SELF-DIFFIDENCE.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 2. Cantique 125.*  
 ~~~~~

SOURCE of love, and light of day,
 Tear me from myself away ;
 Ev'ry view and thought of mine,
 Cast into the mould of thine ;
 Teach, Oh teach this faithless heart
 A consistent, constant part ;
 Or, if it must live to grow
 More rebellious, break it now !

Is it thus, that I requite .
 Grace and goodness infinite ?
 Ev'ry trace of ev'ry boon,
 Cancell'd, and cras'd, so soon !

Can I grieve thee, whom I love ;
Thee, in whom I live and move ?
If my sorrow touch thee still,
Save me from so great an ill !

Oh ! th' oppressive, irksome weight,
Felt in an uncertain state ;
Comfort, peace, and rest, adieu,
Should I prove at last untrue !
Still I chuse thee, follow still
Ev'ry notice of thy will ;
But unstable, strangely weak,
Still let slip the good I seek.

Self-confiding wretch, I thought,
I could serve thee as I ought,
Win thee, and deserve to feel
All the Love thou canst reveal !
Trusting self, a bruised reed,
Is to be deceiv'd indeed :
Save me from this harm and loss,
Lest my gold turn all to dross !

Self is earthly—Faith alone
 Makes an unseen world our own ;
 Faith relinquish'd, how we roam,
 Feel our way, and leave our home !
 Spurious gems our hopes entice,
 While we scorn the pearl of price ;
 And preferring servants' pay,
 Cast the children's bread away.



The

ACQUIESCENCE

of

PURE LOVE.



Vol. 2. Cantique 135.



LOVE! if thy destin'd sacrifice am I ;
 Come, slay thy victim, and prepare thy fires ;
 Plung'd in thy depths of mercy, let me die
 The death, which ev'ry soul that lives, desires !

I watch my hours, and see them fleet away ;
The time is long, that I have languish'd here ;
Yet all my thoughts thy purposes obey,
With no reluctance, cheerful and sincere.

To me 'tis equal, whether Love ordain
My life or death, appoint me pain or ease ;
My soul perceives no real Ill in pain ;
In ease, or health, no real Good she sees.

One Good she covets, and that Good alone ;
To chuse thy will, from selfish bias free ;
And to prefer a cottage ro a throne,
And grief to comfort, if it pleases Thee.

That we should bear the cross, is thy command,
Die to the world, and live to self no more ;
Suffer unmov'd beneath the rudest hand,
As pleas'd when shipwreck'd, as when safe on shore.

REPOSE IN GOD.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 2. Cantique 17.*  
 ~~~~~

BLEST ! who far from all mankind,
 This world's shadows left behind,
 Hears from heav'n a gentle strain
 Whisp'ring Love, and loves again.

Blest ! who free from self-esteem,
 Dives into the Great Supreme,
 All desire beside discards,
 Joys inferior none regards.

Blest ! who in thy bosom seeks
 Rest that nothing earthly breaks,
 Dead to self and worldly things,
 Lost in thee, thou King of Kings !

Ye that know my secret fire,
Softly speak and soon retire ;
Favor my divine repose,
Spare the sleep a God bestows.



GLORY TO GOD ALONE.



Vol. 2. Cantique 15.



OH lov'd ! but not enough—though dearer far
Than self and its most lov'd enjoyments are ;
None duly loves thee, but who, nobly free
From sensual objects, finds his all in thee.

—

Glory of God ! thou stranger here below,
Whom man nor knows, nor feels a wish to know ;
Our Faith and reason are both shock'd to find
Man in the post of honour—Thee behind.

Reason exclaims—" Let ev'ry creature fall,
" Asham'd, abas'd, before the Lord of all ;"
And Faith, o'erwhelm'd with such a dazzling blaze,
Feebly describes the beauty she surveys.

Yet man, dim-sighted man, and rash as blind,
Deaf to the dictates of his better mind,
In frantic competition dares the skies,
And claims precedence of the only wise.

Oh lost in vanity till once self-known !
Nothing is great, or good, but God alone,
When thou shalt stand before his awful face,
Then, at the last, thy pride shall know His place.

Glorious, Almighty, First, and without end !
When wilt thou melt the mountains, and descend ?
When wilt thou shoot abroad thy conqu'ring rays,
And teach these atoms, thou hast made, thy praise ?

Thy Glory is the sweetest heav'n I feel ;
And if I seek it with too fierce a zeal,
Thy Love triumphant o'er a selfish will,
Taught me the passion, and inspires it still.

My reason, all my faculties, unite,
To make thy Glory their supreme delight ;
Forbid it, Fountain of my brightest days,
That I should rob thee, and usurp thy praise !

My soul ! rest happy in thy low estate,
Nor hope, nor wish, to be esteem'd or great ;
To take th' impression of a will divine,
Be that thy glory, and those riches thine.

Confess Him righteous in his just decrees,
Love what he loves, and let his pleasure please ;
Die daily ; from the touch of sin recede ;
Then thou hast crown'd him, and he reigns indeed.

SELF-LOVE AND TRUTH

INCOMPATIBLE.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 2. Cantique 21.*  
 ~~~~~

FROM thorny wilds, a monster came,
 That fill'd my soul with fear and shame;
 The birds, forgetful of their mirth,
 Droop'd at the sight, and fell to earth;
 When thus a sage address'd mine ear,
 Himself unconscious of a fear.

“ Whence all this terror and surprise,
 “ Distracted looks, and streaming eyes?
 “ Far from the world and its affairs,
 “ The joy it boasts, the pain it shares,
 “ Surrender, without guile or art,
 “ To God, an undivided heart;
 “ The savage form, so fear'd before,
 “ Shall scare your trembling soul no more;

“ For loathsome as the sight may be,
“ ’Tis but the *Love-of-self* you see.
“ Fix all your love on God alone,
“ Chuse but His will, and hate your own ;
“ No fear shall in your path be found,
“ The dreary waste shall bloom around,
“ And you, through all your happy days,
“ Shall bless his name, and sing his praise.”

Oh lovely solitude, how sweet,
The silence of this calm retreat !
Here Truth, the fair whom I pursue,
Gives all her beauty to my view ;
The simple, unadorn’d display,
Charms every pain and fear away.
O Truth, whom millions proudly slight,
O Truth, my treasure and delight,
Accept this tribute to thy name,
And this poor heart, from which it came !

The
 LOVE OF GOD, THE END
 OF LIFE.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 2. Cantique 165.*  
 ~~~~~

SINCE life in sorrow must be spent,
 So be it—I am well content,
 And meekly wait my last remove,
 Seeking only growth in Love.

No bliss I seek, but to fulfil
 In life, in death, thy lovely will ;
 No succours in my woes I want,
 Save what thou art pleas'd to grant.

Our days are number'd, let us spare
 Our anxious hearts a needless care :
 'Tis thine, to number out our days ;
 Ours, to give them to thy praise.

Love is our only bus'ness here,
 Love, simple, constant, and sincere ;
 O blessed days, thy servants see !
 Spent, O Lord ! in pleasing Thee.

LOVE FAITHFUL IN THE ABSENCE OF
THE BELOVED.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 4. Cantique 49.*  
~~~~~

IN vain ye woo me to your harmless joys,
Ye pleasant bow'rs, remote from strife and noise;
Your shades, the witnesses of many a vow,
Breath'd forth in happier days, are irksome now;
Denied that smile 'twas once my heav'n to see,
Such scenes, such pleasures, are all past with me.

In vain he leaves me, I shall love him still;
And though I mourn, not murmur at his will;
I have no cause—an object all divine
Might well grow weary of a soul like mine;
Yet pity me, great God! forlorn, alone,
Heartless and hopeless, Life and Love all gone.

LOVE PURE AND FERVENT.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 4. Cantique 31.*  
 ~~~~~

JEALOUS, and with Love o'erflowing,
 God demands a fervent heart ;
 Grace and bounty, still bestowing,
 Calls us to a grateful part.

Oh, then, with supreme affection ,
 His paternal Will regard !
 If it cost us some dejection,
 Ev'ry sigh has it's reward.

Perfect Love has pow'r to soften
 Cares that might our peace destroy,
 Nay, does more—transforms them often,
 Changing sorrow into joy.

Sov'reign Love appoints the measure,
 And the number of our pains ;
 And is pleas'd when we find pleasure
 In the trials he ordains,

THE ENTIRE SURRENDER.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 4. Cantique 77.*  
 ~~~~~

PEACE has unveil'd her smiling face,
 And woes thy soul to her embrace ;
 Enjoy'd with ease, if thou refrain
 From earthly Love, else sought in vain ;
 She dwells with all who Truth prefer,
 But seeks not them who seek not her.

Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,
 All that thou hast, and all thou art ;
 Renounce all strength but strength divine ;
 And peace shall be forever thine :—
 Behold the path which I have trod,
 My path, 'till I go home to God.

THE
PERFECT SACRIFICE.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 4. Cantique 74.*  
~~~~~

I place an off'ring at thy shrine,
From taint and blemish clear,
Simple and pure in its design,
Of all that I hold dear.

I yield thee back thy gifts again,
Thy gifts which most I prize;
Desirous only to retain
The notice of thine eyes.

But if, by thine ador'd decree,
That blessing be deny'd;
Resign'd, and unreluctant, see
My ev'ry wish subside.

Thy will in all things I approve,
Exalted or cast down ;
Thy will in ev'ry state, I love,
And even in thy frown.

GOD HIDES HIS PEOPLE.

Vol. 4. Cantique 42.

To lay the soul that loves him low,
Becomes the Only-wise ;
To hide beneath a veil of woe
The children of the skies.

Man, tho' a worm, would yet be great;
Though feeble, would seem strong ;
Assumes an independent state,
By sacrilege and wrong.

Strange the reverse, which, once abas'd,
The haughty creature proves !
He feels his soul a barren waste,
Nor dares affirm, he loves.

Scorn'd by the thoughtless and the vain,
To God he presses near ;
Superior to the world's disdain,
And happy in it's sneer.

Oh welcome, in his heart he says,
Humility and shame !
Farewell the wish for human praise,
The music of a name !

But will not scandal mar the good
That I might else perform ?
And can God work it, if he would,
By so despis'd a worm ?

Ah, vainly anxious !—leave the Lord
To rule thee, and dispose ;
Sweet is the mandate of his word,
And gracious all he does.

He draws from human littleness
His grandeur and renown ;
And gen'rous hearts with joy confess
The triumph all his own.

Down then with self-exalting thoughts,
Thy faith and hope employ
To welcome all that he allots,
And suffer shame with joy.

No longer, then, thou wilt encroach
On his eternal right ;
And he shall smile at thy approach,
And make thee his delight.

THE
SECRETS OF DIVINE LOVE
ARE TO BE KEPT.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 3. Cantique 48.*  
~~~~~

SUN ! stay thy course, this moment stay—
Suspend th' o'erflowing tide of day,
Divulge not such a Love as mine,
Ah ! hide the mystery divine.
Lest man, who deems my glory shame,
Should learn the secret of my flame.

Oh night ! propitious to my views,
Thy sable awning wide diffuse ;
Conceal alike my joy and pain,
Nor draw thy curtain back again,
Though morning, by the tears she shews,
Seems to participate my woes.

Ye stars ! whose faint and feeble fires
Express my languishing desires,
Whose slender beams pervade the skies
As silent as my secret sighs,
Those emanations of a soul,
That darts her fires beyond the Pole ;

Your rays, that scarce assist the sight,
That pierce, but not displace the night,
That shine indeed, but nothing show
Of all those various scenes below,
Bring no disturbance, rather prove
Incentives of a sacred Love.

Thou Moon ! whose never-failing course
Bespeaks a providential force,
Go, tell the tidings of my flame
To him who calls the stars by name ;
Whose absence kills, whose presence cheers ;
Who blots, or brightens, all my years.

While, in the blue abyss of space,
Thine orb performs its rapid race ;

Still whisper in his list'ning ears
The language of my sighs and tears ;
Tell him, I seek him, far below,
Lost in a wilderness of woe.

Ye thought-composing, silent hours,
Diffusing peace o'er all my pow'rs ;
Friends of the pensive ! who conceal,
In darkest shades, the flames I feel ;
To you I trust, and safely may,
The Love that wastes my strength away.

In sylvan scenes, and caverns rude,
I taste the sweets of solitude ;
Retir'd indeed, but not alone,
I share them with a Spouse unknown,
Who hides me here, from envious eyes,
From all intrusion and surprise.

Imbow'ring shades, and dens profound !
Where echo rolls the voice around :
Mountains ! whose elevated heads,
A moist, and misty veil o'erspreads ;

Disclose a solitary Bride
To him I love—to none beside.

Ye rills ! that murm'ring all the way,
Among the polish'd pebbles stray ;
Creep silently along the ground,
Lest, drawn by that harmonious sound,
Some wand'rer, whom I would not meet,
Should stumble on my lov'd retreat.

Enamel'd meads, and hillocks green,
And streams, that water all the scene !
Ye torrents, loud in distant ears !
Ye fountains, that receive my tears !
Ah ! still conceal, with caution due,
A charge, I trust with none but you.

If when my pain and grief increase,
I seem t' enjoy the sweetest peace,
It is because I find so fair
The charming object of my care,
That I can sport, and pleasure, make
Of torment, suffer'd for his sake.

G

Ye meads and groves, unconscious things !
Ye know not whence my pleasure springs,
Ye know not, and ye cannot know,
The source from which my sorrows flow ;
The dear sole Cause of all I feel,—
He knows, and understands them well.

Ye deserts ! where the wild beasts rove,
Scenes sacred to my hours of love ;
Ye forests ! in whose shades I stray,
Benighted under burning day ;
Ah ! whisper not how blest am I,
Nor while I live, nor when I die.

Ye lambs ! who sport beneath these shades,
And bound along the mossy glades :
Be taught a salutary fear,
And cease to bleat when I am near :
The wolf may hear your harmless cry,
Whom ye should dread, as much as I.

How calm, amid these scenes, my mind !
How perfect is the peace I find !

Oh hush, be still my ev'ry part,
My tongue, my pulse, my beating heart !
That Love, aspiring to its cause,
May suffer not a moment's pause.

Ye swift-finn'd nations, that abide
In seas, as fathomless as wide ;
And unsuspecting of a snare,
Pursue at large your pleasures there :
Poor sportive fools ! how soon does man
Your heedless ignorance trepan !

Away ! dive deep into the brine,
Where never yet sunk plummet line ;
Trust me, the vast Leviathan
Is merciful, compar'd with man ;
Avoid his arts, forsake the beach,
And never play within his reach.

My soul her bondage ill endures ;
I pant for liberty like yours ;
I long for that immense Profound,
That knows no bottom, and no bound ;

Lost in Infinity, to prove
Th' Incomprehensible of Love.

Ye birds ! that lessen as ye fly,
And vanish in the distant sky ;
To whom yon airy waste belongs,
Resounding with your cheerful songs ;
Haste to escape from human sight ;
Fear less, the vulture, and the kite.

How blest, and how secure am I,
When quitting earth, I soar on high ;
When lost, like you I disappear,
And float in a sublimer sphere !
Whence falling, within human view,
I am ensnar'd, and caught like you.

Omniscient God, whose notice deigns
To try the heart and search the reins ;
Compassionate the num'rous woes,
I dare not, ev'n to thee, disclose ;
Oh save me from the cruel hands
Of men, who fear not thy commands !

Love, all-subduing and divine,
Care for a créaturé truly thine ;
Reign in a heart, dispos'd to own
No sóv'reign, but thyself alone ;
Cherish a Bride, who cannot rove,
Nor quit thee for a meaner Love !



The

VICISSITUDES

EXPERIENCED IN A CHRISTIAN LIFE.



Vol. 3. Cantique' 69.



I suffer fruitless anguish day by day,
Each moment, as it passes, marks my pain ;
Scarce knowing whither, doubtfully I stray,
And see no end of all that I sustain.

The more I strive, the more I am withstood ;
Anxiety increasing ev'ry hour,
My spirit finds no rest, performs no good,
And nought remains of all my former pow'r.

My peace of heart is fled, I know not where ;
My happy hours, like shadows, pass'd away ;
Their sweet remembrance doubles all my care,
Night darker seems, succeeding such a day,

Dear faded joys, and impotent regret,
What profit is there in incessant tears ?
Oh ! Thou, whom, once beheld, we ne'er forget,
Reveal thy Love, and banish all my fears !

Alas ! he flies me—treats me as his foe,
Views not my sorrows, hears not when I plead ;—
Woe such as mine, despis'd, neglected woe,
Unless it shortens life is vain indeed.

Pierc'd with a thousand wounds, I yet survive ;
My pangs are keen, but no complaint transpires ;
And while in terrors of thy wrath I live,
Hell seems to loose its less tremendous fires.

Has Hell a pain I would not gladly bear,
So thy severe displeasure might subside ?
Hopeless of ease, I seem already There,
My life 'extinguish'd, and yet death denied.

Is this the joy so promis'd—this the love,
Th' unchanging love, so sworn in better days !
Ah ! dang'rous glories ! shewn me, but to prove
How lovely thou, and I how rash to gaze.

Why did I see them ? had I still remain'd
Untaught, still ignorant how fair thou art,
My humbler wishes I had soon obtain'd,
Nor known the torments of a doubting heart.

Depriv'd of all, yet feeling no desires,
Whence then I cry, the pangs that I sustain ?
Dubious and uninform'd, my soul inquires,
Ought'she to cherish, or shake off her pain.

Suff'ring I suffer not—sincerely love,
Yet feel no touch of that enliv'ning flame ;
As chance inclines me, unconcern'd I move,
All times, and all events, to me the same.

I search my heart, and not a wish is there,
But burns with zeal that hated self may fall ;
Such is the sad disquietude I share,
A sea of doubts, and self the source of all.

I ask not life, nor do I wish to die ;
And if thine hand accomplish not my cure,
I would not purchase, with a single sigh,
A free discharge from all that I endure.

I groan in chains, yet want not a release ;
Am sick, and know not the distemper'd part ;
Am just as void of purpose, as of peace ;
Have neither plan, nor fear, nor hope, nor heart.

My claim to life, though sought with earnest care,
No light, within me, or without me, shows ;
Once I had faith ; but now, in self-despair
Find my chief cordial, and my best repose.

My soul is a forgotten thing, she sinks,
Sinks and is lost, without a wish to rise ;
Feels an indiff'rence she abhors, and thinks
Her name eras'd forever from the skies.

Language affords not my distress a name,
Yet is it real, and no sickly dream ;
'Tis Love inflicts it ; though to feel that flame,
Is all I know of happiness supreme.

When Love departs, a Chaos wide and vast
And dark as Hell, is open'd in the soul ;
When Love returns, the gloomy scene is past,
No tempests shake her, and no fears controul.

Then tell me, why these ages of delay ?
Oh Love, all-excellent, once more appear ;
Disperse ths shades, and snatch me into day,
From this abyss of night, these floods of fear !

No—Love is angry, will not now endure
A sigh of mine, or suffer a complaint ;
He smites me, wounds me, and withholds the cure ;
Exhausts my pow'rs, and leaves me sick and faint.

He wounds, and hides the hand that gave the blow ;
He flies, he re-appears, and wounds again—
Was ever heart that lov'd thee, treated so ?
Yet I adore thee, though it seem in vain.

And wilt thou leave me, whom, when lost and blind,
Thou didst distinguish, and vouchsafe to chuse,
Before thy laws were written in my mind,
While yet the world had all my thoughts and views ?

Now leave me ? when, enamour'd of thy laws,
I make thy glory my supreme delight ;
Now blot me from thy register, and cause
A faithful soul to perish from thy sight ?

What can have caus'd the change which I deplore !
Is it to prove me, if my heart be true ?
Permit me then, while prostrate I adore,
To draw, and place its picture in thy view.

'Tis thine without reserve, most simply thine ;
So giv'n to thee, that it is not my own ;
A willing captive of thy grace divine ;
And loves, and seeks thee, for thyself alone.

Pain cannot move it, danger cannot scare ;
Pleasure, and wealth, in its esteem are dust ;
It loves thee, ev'n when least inclin'd to spare
Its tend'rest feelings, and avows thee just.

'Tis all thine own ; my spirit is so too,
An undivided off'ring at thy shrine ;
It seeks thy glory with no double view,
Thy glory, with no secret bent to mine.

Love, holy Love ! and art thou not severe,
To slight me, thus devoted, and thus fixt ?
Mine is an everlasting ardor, clear
From all self-bias, gen'rous and unmixt.

But I am silent, seeing what I see—
And fear, with cause, that I am self-deceiv'd ;
Not ev'n my faith is from suspicion free,
And, that I love, seems not to be believ'd.

Live thou, and reign, forever, glorious Lord !
My last, least off'ring, I present thee now—
Renounce me, leave me, and be still ador'd !
Slay me, my God, and I applaud the blow.

WATCHING UNTO GOD IN THE
NIGHT-SEASON.

~~~~~  
*Vol. 3. Cantique 71.*  
~~~~~

SLEEP at last has fled these eyes,
Nor do I regret his flight,
More alert my spirits rise,
And my heart is free and light.

Nature silent all around,
Not a single witness near;
God as soon as sought is found;
And the flame of love burns clear.

Interruption, all day long;
Checks the current of my joys;
Creatures press me with a throng,
And perplex me with their noise.

Undisturb'd I muse all night,
On the first Eternal Fair ;
Nothing there obstructs delight,
Love is renovated there.

Life, with its perpetual stir,
Proves a foe to Love and me ;
Fresh entanglements occur—
Comes the night, and sets me free.

Never more, sweet sleep, suspend
My enjoyments always new ;
Leave me to possess my Friend ;
Other eyes and hearts subdue.

Hush the world, that I may wake
To the taste of pure delights ;
Oh the pleasures I partake—
God, the partner of my nights !

David, for the self-same cause,
Night prefer'd to busy day ;
Hearts, whom heavenly beauty draws,
Wish the glaring sun away.

H

Sleep, Self-lovers, is for you—
Souls that love *celestial* know,
Fairer scenes, by night can view,
Than the sun could ever shew.



O N T H E S A M E.



Vol. 3. Cantique 72.



SEASON of my purest pleasure,
Sealer of observing eyes !
When, in larger, freer measure,
I can commune with the skies ;
While, beneath thy shade extended,
Weary man forgets his woes ;
I, my daily trouble ended,
Find, in Watching, my Repose.

Silence all around prevailing,
Nature hush'd in slumber sweet,
No rude noise mine ears assailing,
Now my God and I can meet :
Universal nature slumbers,
And my soul partakes the calm,
Breathes her ardor out in numbers,
Plaintive song, or lofty psalm.

Now my passion, pure and holy,
Shines, and burns, without restraint ;
Which the day's fatigue, and folly,
Cause to languish, dim and faint :
Charming hours of relaxation !
How I dread th' ascending sun !
Surely, idle conversation
Is an evil, match'd by none.

Worldly prate, and babble, hurt me ;
Unintelligible prove ;
Neither teach me, nor divert me ;
I have ears for none but Love.

Me, they rude esteem, and foolish,
Hearing my absurd replies ;
I have neither art's find polish,
Nor the knowledge of the wise.

Simple souls, and unpolluted,
By conversing with the Great,
Have a mind and taste, ill suited
To their dignity and state ;
All their talking, reading, writing,
Are but talents misapply'd ;
Infants prattle I delight in,
Nothing human chuse beside.

'Tis the secret fear of sinning,
Checks my tongue, or I should say,
When I see the night beginning,
I am glad of parting day :
Love, this gentle admonition
Whispers soft, within my breast ;
" Choice befits not thy condition,
Acquiescence suits thee best."

Henceforth, the repose and pleasure
Night affords me, I resign ;
And *thy* will shall be the measure,
Wisdom infinite ! of mine :
Wishing, is but Inclination
Quarrelling with thy decrees ;
Wayward nature finds th' occasion,
'Tis her folly and disease.

Night, with its sublime enjoyments,
Now no longer will I chuse ;
Nor the day, with its employments,
Irksome as they seem, refuse ;
Lessons of a God's inspiring,
Neither time nor place impedes ;
From our wishing and desiring,
Our Unhappiness proceeds,

O N T H E S A M E.

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*Vol. 3. Cantique 73.*  
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NIGHT ! how I love thy silent shades,
 My spirits they compose ;
 The bliss of heav'n my soul pervades,
 In spite of all my woes.

While sleep insults her poppy dew:
 In ev'ry slumb'ring eye,
 I watch, to meditate and muse,
 In blest tranquility.

And when I feel a God immense
 Familiarly impart,
 With ev'ry proof he can dispense,
 His favor to my heart.

My native meanness I lament,
Though most divinely fill'd
With all th' ineffable content,
That Deity can yield.

His purpose, and his course, he keeps ;
Treads all my reas'nings down ;
Commands me out of Nature's deeps,
And hides me in his own.

When in the dust, its proper place,
Our pride of heart we lay ;
'Tis then, a deluge of his grace
Bears all our sins away.

Thou, whom I serve, and whose I am,
Whose influence from on high
Refines, and still refines my flame,
And makes my fetters fly.

How wretched is the creature's state,
Who thwarts thy gracious pow'r ;
Crush'd under sin's enormous weight,
Increasing ev'ry hour !

The night, when pass'd entire with thee,
How luminous and clear !
Then sleep has no delights for me,
Lest *Thou* shouldst disappear.

My Saviour ! occupy me still
In this secure recess ;
Let Reason slumber if she will,
My joy shall not be less :

Let Reason slumber out the night ;
But if *Thou* deign to make
My soul th' abode of truth and light,
Ah, keep my heart awake !

THE
JOY OF THE CROSS.

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*Vol. 3. Cantique 97.*  
~~~~~

LONG plung'd in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of thine,
Without reserve or fear;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes;
Or into smiles of glad surprise,
Transform the falling tear.

My sole possession is thy Love;
In earth beneath, or heav'n above,
I have no other store;
And though with fervent suit I pray,
Aid importune thee night and day,
I ask thee nothing more.

My rapid hours pursue the course
Prescrib'd them by love's sweetest force ;
And I, thy sov'reign Will,
Without a wish t' escape my doom ;
Though still a sufferer from the womb,
And doom'd to suffer still.

By thy command, where'er I stray,
Sorrow attends me all my way,
A never-failing friend ;
And if my suff'rings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content—
Let sorrow still attend !

It costs me no regret, that she,
Who follow'd Christ, should follow me ;
And though, where'er she goes,
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
I love her, and extract a sweet
From all my bitter woes.

Adieu ! ye vain delights of earth ;
Insidious sports, and childish mirth,
I taste no sweets in you ;

Unknown delights are in the Cross,
All joy beside, to me is dross ;
And Jesus thought so too.

The Cross ! Oh ravishment and bliss—
How grateful ev'n its anguish is ;
Its bitterness, how sweet !
There ev'ry sense, and all the mind,
In all her faculties refin'd,
Tastes happiness complete.

Souls once enabl'd to disdain
Base sublunary joys, maintain
Their dignity secure ;
The fever of desire is pass'd,
And Love has all its genuine taste,
Is delicate and pure.

Self-love no grace in sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease ;
'Tis all the bliss she knows :
But nobler aims *true* Love employ ;
In self-denial is her joy,
In suff'ring her repose.

Sorrow, and Love, go side by side;
Nor height, nor depth, can e'er divide
Their heav'n-appointed bands;
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor, till the race of life is run,
Disjoin their wedded hands.

Jesus, avenger of our Fall,
Thou faithful Lover, above all
The Cross has ever born!
Oh tell me,—Life is in thy voice—
How much afflictions were thy choice,
And sloth and ease thy scorn!

Thy choice, and mine, shall be the same,
Inspirer of that holy flame,
Which must forever blaze!
To take the Cross, and follow thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
My portion, and my praise.

JOY IN MARTYRDOM.

Vol. 3. Cantique 94.

SWEET tenants of this grove !
 Who sing without design,
 A song of artless love,
 In unison with mine :
 These echoing shades return
 Full many a note of ours,
 That wise ones cannot learn,
 With all their boasted pow'rs.

Oh thou ! whose sacred charms
 These hearts so seldom love,
 Although thy beauty warms
 And blesses all above ;
 How slow are human things,
 To chuse their happiest lot !
 All-glorious King of Kings,
 Say, why we love thee not ?

This heart, that cannot rest,
Shall thine forever prove ;
Though bleeding and distress'd,
Yet joyful, in thy love :
'Tis happy, though it breaks
Beneath thy chastening hand ;
And speechless, yet it speaks
What thou canst understand.



SIMPLE TRUST.



Vol. 3. Cantique 95.



STILL, still, without ceasing,
I feel it increasing,
This fervor of holy desire ;
And often exclaim,
Let me die in the flame
Of a Love that can never expire !

Had I words to explain,
What *she* must sustain,
Who dies to the world and its ways;
How joy and affright,
Distress and delight,
Alternately chequer her days;

Thou, sweetly severe !
I would make thee appear,
In all thou art pleas'd to award,
Not more in the sweet,
Than the bitter I meet,
My tender and merciful Lord.

This Faith, in the dark
Pursuing its mark,
Through many sharp trials of Love ;
Is the sorrowful waste,
That is to be pass'd,
In the way to the Canaan above,

THE
NECESSITY OF SELF-ABASEMENT.

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*Vol. 3. Cantique 92.*  
~~~~~

SOURCE of Love, my brighter Sun,
Thou alone my comfort art ;
See my race is almost run ;
Hast thou left this trembling heart ?

In my youth, thy charming eyes
Drew me from the ways of men ;
Then I drank unmingled joys ;
Frown of thine, saw never *then*.

Spouse of Christ was then my name ;
And devoted all to thee,
Strangely jealous I became,
Jealous of this Self, in me.

Thee to love, and none beside,
Was my darling, sole employ ;
While alternately I died,
Now of grief, and now of joy.

Through the dark and silent night,
On thy radiant smiles I dwelt ;
And to see the dawning light,
Was the keenest pain I felt.

Thou my gracious teacher wert ;
And thine eye, so close apply'd,
While it watch'd thy pupil's heart,
Seem'd to look at none beside.

Conscious of no evil drift,
This, I cried, is Love indeed—
'Tis the Giver, not the Gift,
Whence the joys I feel proceed.

But soon humbl'd, and laid low,
Stript of all thou hast conferr'd,
Nothing left, but sin and woe,
I perceiv'd how I had err'd.

Oh, the vain conceit of man,
Dreaming of a good his own,
Arrogating all he can,
Though the Lord is good alone !

He, the graces Thou hast wrought,
Makes subservient to his pride ;
Ignorant, that one such thought
Passes all his sin beside.

Such his folly—prov'd, at last,
By the loss of that repose
Self complacence cannot taste,
Only Love divine bestows.

'Tis by this reproof severe,
And by this reproof alone,
His defects at last appear,
Man is to himself made known.

Learn, all Earth ! that feeble Man,
Sprung from this terrestrial clod,
Nothing is, and nothing can ;
Life, and pow'r, are all in God.

LOVE
INCREASED BY SUFFERING.

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*Vol. 3. Cantique 98.*  
~~~~~

“ I love the Lord,” is still the strain
This heart delights to sing ;
But I reply—your thoughts are vain,
Perhaps, ’tis no such thing.

Before the power of Love divine,
Creation fades away ;
Till only God is seen to shine
In all that we survey.

In gulphs of awful night we find
The God of our desires ;
’Tis there he stamps the yielding mind,
And doubles all its fires.

Flames of encircling Love invest,
And pierce it sweetly through ;
'Tis fill'd with sacred joy, yet press'd
With sacred sorrow too.

Ah Love ! my heart is in the right—
Amidst a thousand woes,
To thee, its ever new delight,
And all its peace, it owes.

Fresh causes of distress occur,
Where'er I look, or move ;
The comforts, I to all prefer,
Are solitude and love.

Nor exile I, nor prison fear ;
Love makes my courage great ;
I find a Saviour ev'ry where,
His grace in ev'ry state.

Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,
Exclude his quick'ning beams ;
There I can sit, and sing, and weep,
And dwell on heav'nly themes.

There, sorrow, for his sake, is found
A joy beyond compare ;
There, no presumptuous thoughts abound,
No pride can enter there.

A Saviour doubles all my joys,
And sweetens all my pains,
His strength in my defence employs,
Consoles me and sustains.

I fear no ill, resent no wrong ;
Nor feel a passion move,
When malice whets her sland'rous tongue ;
Such patience is in Love,

SCENES FAVOURABLE TO MEDITATION.

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*Vol. 4. Cantique 83.*  
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WILDS horrid and dark with o'ershadowing trees,
 Rocks that ivy and briars infold,
 Scenes nature with dread and astonishment sees,
 But I with a pleasure untold.

Though awfully silent, and shaggy, and rude,
 I am charm'd with the peace ye afford,
 Your shades are a temple where none will intrude,
 The abode of my Lover and Lord.

I am sick of thy splendor, O fountain of day,
 And here I am hid from its beams,
 Here safely contemplate a brighter display
 Of the noblest and holiest of themes.

Ye forests that yield me my sweetest repose,
Where stillness and solitude reign,
To you I securely and boldly disclose
The dear anguish of which I complain.

Here sweetly forgetting and wholly forgot
By the world and its turbulent throng,
The birds and the streams lend me many a note
That aids meditation and song.

Here wand'ring in scenes that are sacred to night,
Love wears me and wastes me away,
And often the sun has spent much of his light.
E'er yet I perceive it is day.

While a mantle of darkness envelopes the sphere,
My sorrows are sadly rehears'd,
To me the dark hours are all equally dear,
And the last is as sweet as the first.

Here I and the beasts of the deserts agree,
Mankind are the wolves that I fear,
They grudge my me natural right to be free,
But nobody questions it here.

Though little is found in this dreary abode
That appetite wishes to find,
My spirit is sooth'd by the presence of God,
And appetite wholly resign'd.

Ye desolate scenes to your solitude led,
My life I in praises employ,
And scarce know the source of the tears that I shed,
Proceed they from sorrow or joy.

There is nothing I seem to have skill to discern,
I feel out my way in the dark,
Love reigns in my bosom, I constantly burn,
Yet hardly distinguish the spark.

I live, yet I seem to myself to be dead,
Such a riddle is not to be found,
I am nourish'd without knowing how I am fed,
I have nothing and yet I abound.

Oh Love ! who in darkness art pleas'd to abide,
Though dimly yet surely I see,
That these contrarieties only reside
In the soul that is chosen of thee,

Ah send me not back to the race of mankind
Perversely by folly beguil'd,
For where in the crowds I have left shall I find
The spirit and heart of a Child.

Here let me though fixt in a desert, be free,
A Little one whom they despise,
Though lost to the world, if in union with thee,
Shall be holy and happy and wise.





ORIGINAL POEMS,

By the Translator of the foregoing Pieces.



THE
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A N

EPISTLE

TO A PROTESTANT LADY IN FRANCE,

*Madam,*

A Stranger's purpose in these lays
 Is to congratulate, and not to praise.
 To give the creature her Creator's due,
 Were sin in me, and an offence to you.
 From Man to Man, or ev'n to Woman paid,
 Praise is the medium of a knavish trade,
 A Coin by Craft for folly's use design'd,
 Spurious, and only current with the blind.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
 Leads to the Land where sorrow is unknown;
 No Trav'ler ever reach'd that blest abode,
 Who found not thorns and briars in his road,

The world may dance along the flow'ry plain,
Cheer'd as they go, by many a sprightly strain,
Where Nature has her mossy velvet spread,
With unshod feet they yet securely tread,
Admonish'd, scorn the caution and the friend,
Bent upon pleasure, heedless of its end.
But he who knew what human hearts would prove,
How slow to learn the dictates of his Love,
That hard by nature and of stubborn will,
A life of ease would make them harder still,
In pity to the sinners he design'd
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
Call'd for a cloud to darken all their years,
And said—"go spend them in the vale of tears."
Oh balmy gales of soul-reviving air,
Oh salutary streams that murmur there,
These flowing from the fount of Grace above,
Those breath'd from lips of everlasting Love!
The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys,
And sudden sorrow nips their springing joys,
An envious world will interpose its frown
To mar delights superior to its own,
And many a pang, experienc'd still within,
Reminds them of their hated Inmate, Sin,

But ills of every shape and ev'ry name
Transform'd to Blessings miss their cruel aim,
And ev'ry moment's Calm that soothes the breast,
Is giv'n in earnest of Eternal Rest.

Ah, be not sad, although thy lot be cast
Far from the flock, and in a distant waste !
No shepherd's tents within thy view appear
But the Chief Shepherd is forever near,
Thy tender sorrows and thy plaintive strain
Flow in a foreign land but not in vain,
Thy tears all issue from a source divine,
And ev'ry drop bespeaks a Saviour thine—
'Twas thus in Gideon's fleece the dews were found,
And drought on all the drooping herbs around,

F R I E N D S H I P,



WHAT Virtue or what mental grace
 But men unqualified and base
 Will boast it their possession ?
 Profusion apes the noble part
 Of Liberality of heart,
 And dulness of Discretion.

If ev'ry polish'd Gem we find
 Illuminating heart or mind,
 Provoke to Imitation ;
 No wonder Friendship does the same,
 That Jewel of the purest flame,
 Or rather Constellation,

No knave but boldly will pretend
The requisites that form a Friend,
A real and a sound one,
Nor any fool he would deceive,
But prove as ready to believe,
And dream that he had found one.

Candid and generous and just
Boys care but little whom they trust,
An error soon corrected—
For who but learns in riper years,
That man when smoothest he appears
Is most to be suspected?

But here again a danger lies,
Lest having misapply'd our eyes
And taken trash for treasure,
We should unwarily conclude
Friendship a false ideal Good,
A mere Utopian pleasure,

An acquisition rather rare,
Is yet no subject of despair ;
Nor is it wise complaining,
If either on forbidden ground,
Or where it was not to be found,
We sought without attaining.

No Friendship will abide the test
That stands on sordid Interest,
Or mean self-love erected ;
Nor such as may awhile subsist
Between the Sot and Sensualist
For vicious ends connected.

Who seeks a Friend, should come dispos'd
T' exhibit in full bloom disclos'd
The graces and the beauties,
That form the character he seeks,
For 'tis an Union that bespeaks
Reciprocated duties,

Mutual attention is implied,
And equal truth on either side,
And constantly supported ;
'Tis senseless arrogance t' accuse
Another of sinister views,
Our own as much distorted.

But will sincerity suffice ?
It is indeed above all price
And must be made the basis ;
But every virtue of the soul
Must constitute the charming whole,
All shining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
By ceaseless sharp corrosion ;
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
At one immense explosion.

In vain the Talkative unite
In hopes of permanent delight—
The secret just committed
Forgetting its important weight,
They drop through mere desire to prate,
And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of Friendship are but dreams
If envy chance to creep in ;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dang'rous foe indeed,
But not a Friend worth keeping.

As Envy pines at Good possess'd,
So Jealousy looks forth distress'd
On Good that seems approaching,
And if success his steps attend,
Discerns a rival in a Friend,
And hates him for encroaching

Hence Authors of illustrious name,
Unless belied by common fame,
Are sadly prone to quarrel,
To deem the wit a friend displays
A tax upon their own just praise,
And pluck each others laurel.

A man renown'd for repartee
Will seldom scruple to make free
With Friendship's finest feeling,
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And say he wounded you in jest,
By way of balm for healing.

Whoever keeps an open ear
For tatlers, will be sure to hear
The trumpet of contention;
Aspersions is the babblers trade,
To listen is to lend him aid,
And rush into dissention.

L.

A Friendship that in frequent fits
Of controversial rage emits
The sparks of disputation,
Like hand in hand Insurance plates,
Most unavoidably creates
The thought of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul
True as a needle to the pole,
Their humour yet so various—
They manifest their whole life through
The needle's deviations too,
Their Love is so precatious.

The great and small but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete,
Plebeians must surrender
And yield so much to noble folk,
It is combining fire with smoke,
Obscurity with splendour.

Some are so placid and serene
(As Irish bogs are always green)
They sleep secure from waking ;
And are indeed a Bog that bears
Your unparticipated cares
Unmov'd and without quaking.

Courtier and Patriot cannot mix
Their heterogeneous politics,
Without an effervescence
Like that of salts with lemon juice,
Which does not yet like that produce
A friendly coalescence,

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life ;
But friends that chance to differ
On points which God has left at large,
How freely will they meet and charge,
No combatants are stiffer !

To prove at last my main intent,
Needs no expence of argument,
No cutting and contriving—
Seeking a real friend we seem
T' adopt the Chymists golden dream,
With still less hope of thriving.

Sometimes the fault is all our own,
Some blemish in due time made known
By trespass or omission ;
Sometimes occasion brings to light
Our friend's defect long hid from sight
And even from suspicion.

Then judge yourself, and prove your man
As circumspectly as you can,
And having made election,
Beware no negligence of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
Enfeeble his affection.

That Secrets are a sacred trust,
That friends should be sincere and just,
That Constancy befits them,
Are observations on the case
That savour much of common place,
And all the world admits them,

But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone,
An architect requires alone
To finish a fine building—
The palace were but half complete,
If he could possibly forget
The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you, Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it,

As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defin'd,
First fixes our attention ;
So manners decent and polite,
The same we practis'd at first sight,
Must save it from declension.

Some act upon this prudent plan,
“ Say little and hear all you can ”
Safe policy but hateful—
So barren sands imbibe the show'r,
But render neither fruit nor flow'r,
Unpleasant and ungrateful.

The man I trust, if shy to me,
Shall find me as reserv'd as he,
No subterfuge or pleading
Shall win my confidence again,
I will by no means entertain
A Spy on my proceeding,

These samples—for alas ! at last
These are but samples and a taste
Of evils yet unmention'd—
May prove the task a task indeed,
In which 'tis much if we succeed
However well-intention'd.

Pursue the search, and you will find
Good sense and knowledge of mankind
To be at least expedient,
And after summing all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast
A principal ingredient.

The noblest Friendship ever shewn
The Saviour's history makes known,
Though some have turn'd and turn'd it,
And whether being craz'd or blind,
Or seeking with a bias'd mind,
Have not, it seems discern'd it.

Oh Friendship ! if my soul forego
Thy dear delights while here below ;
 To mortify and grieve me,
May I myself at last appear
Unworthy, base, and insincere,
 Or may my friend deceive me !

STANZAS

Subjoined to a Bill of Mortality for the Parish of

ALL-SAINTS, NORTHAMPTON,

Anno Domini 1787.

*Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.*

HORACE.

Pale Death, with equal foot strikes wide the door
Of royal Halls and hovels of the Poor.



WHILE thirteen moons saw smoothly run
The Nen's barge-laden wave,
All these, Life's rambling journey done,
Have found their home, the Grave.

Was Man, (frail always) made more frail
Than in foregoing years?
Did Famine or did Plague prevail,
That so much death appears?

No. These were vig'rous as their sires,
Nor Plague nor Famine came ;
This annual tribute Death requires,
And never waves his claim.

Like crowded forest-trees we stand,
And some are mark'd to fall ;
The axe will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.

Green as the Bay-tree, ever green
With its new foliage on,
The Gay, the Thoughtless, I have seen,
I pass'd—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run ! the solemn truth
With which I charge my page ;
A Worm is in the Bud of Youth,
And at the Root of Age.

No present Health can Health insure
For yet an hour to come ;
No med'cine though it often cure,
Can always baulk the tomb.

And Oh ! that humble as my Lot
 And scorn'd as is my strain,
 These truths, though known, too much forgot,
 I may not teach in vain.

So prays your Clerk with all his heart,
 And ere he quits the pen,
 Begs *you* for once to take *his* part
 And answer all—Amen !



1788.

*Quod adest, memento
 Componere æquus ; cætera fluminis
 Ritu feruntur.* HORACE.

Improve the present Hour, for all beside
 Is a mere Feather on a Torrent's Tide.



COULD I, from Heav'n inspir'd, as sure presage
 To whom the rising Year shall prove his last ;
 As I can number in my punctual Page,
 And Item down the Victims of the past ;

How each would trembling wait the mournful Sheet,
On which the Press might stamp him next to die ;
And, reading here his sentence, how replete
With anxious meaning, Heav'n-ward turn his eye !

Time, then, would seem more precious than the joys
In which he sports away the Treasure now ;
And Pray'r, more seasonable than the Noise
Of Drunkards, or the Music-drawing Bow.

Then, doubtless, many a Trifler on the Brink
Of this World's hazardous and headlong Shore,
Forc'd to a Pause, would feel it good to think,
Told that his setting Sun must rise no more.

Ah self-deceiv'd ! Could I, prophetic, say,
Who next is fated, and who next, to fall,
The rest might then seem privileg'd to play ;
But, naming *none*, the Voice now speaks to ALL.

Observe the dappl'd Foresters, how light
They bound and airy o'er the sunny Glade—
One falls—the Rest wide scatter'd with affright,
Vanish at once into the darkest Shade.

Had we their wisdom, should we often warn'd,
Still need repeated warnings, and at last,
A thousand awful admonitions scorn'd,
Die self-accus'd of life run all to waste ?

Sad *waste* ! for which no after-thrift atones :
The grave admits no cure for guilt or sin.
Dew-drops may deck the turf that hides the bones,
But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn then ye living ! by the mouths be taught
Of all these sepulchres, instructors true,
That, soon or late, Death also is *your* lot,
And the next opening grave may yawn for *you*.

1789.

—*Placidus; ibi demum morte quievit.*

VIRG.

There calm, at length, he breath'd his soul away.



“ OH most delightful hour by man

“ Experienc'd here below,

“ The hour that terminates his span,

“ His folly, and his woe !

“ Worlds should not bribe me back to tread,

“ Again life's dreary waste,

“ To see again my Day o'erspread

“ With all the gloomy Past.

“ My Home henceforth is in the skies,

“ Earth, Seas, and Sun adieu !

“ All Heav'n unfolded to my eyes,

“ I have no sight for you.”

So spoke Aspasio, firm possess'd
Of Faith's supporting rod,
Then breath'd his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

He was a man, among the few,
Sincere on Virtue's side ;
And all his strength from Scripture drew,
To hourly use apply'd.

That rule he priz'd, by what he fear'd,
He hated, hop'd and lov'd ;
Nor ever frown'd, or sad appear'd,
But when his heart had rov'd.

For he was frail as thou or I,
And evil felt within ;
But when he felt it, heav'd a sigh,
And loath'd the thoughts of Sin.

Such liv'd Aspasio ; and, at last,
Call'd up from Earth to Heav'n,
The gulph of Death triumphant pass'd,
By gales of blessing driven.

*His joys be mine, each Reader cries,
When my last hour arrives !
They shall be yours, my Verse replies,
Such only be your lives.*



1790.

Ne commonentem recta sperne.

BUCHANAN

Despise not my good counsel.



HE who sits from day to day,
Where the prison'd lark is hung,
Heedless of his loudest lay,
Hardly knows that he has sung.

Where the watchman in his round
Nightly lifts his voice on high,
None, accustom'd to the sound,
Wakes the sooner for his cry.

So your Verse-man I, and Clerk,
Yearly in my song proclaim
Death at hand—yourselves his mark—
And the foe's unerring aim.

Duly at my time I come,
Publishing to all aloud—
Soon the grave must be your home,
And your only suit, a shroud.

But the monitory strain,
Oft repeated in your ears,
Seems to sound too much in vain,
Wins no notice, wakes no fears.

Can a truth, by all confess'd
Of such magnitude and weight,
Grow, by being oft express'd,
Trivial as a parrot's prate?

Pleasure's call attention wins,
Hear it often as we may ;
New as ever seem our sins,
Though committed ev'ry day.

Death and Judgment, Heav'n and Hell—

These alone, so often heard,

No more move us than the bell

When some stranger is interr'd.

Oh then, ere the turf or tomb

Cover us from ev'ry eye,

Spirit of instruction, come,

Make us learn that we must die ;

1792.

*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Quiq; metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumq; Acherontis avari!*

Happy the mortal, who has trac'd effects
To their first cause, cast fear beneath his feet
And Death, and roaring Hell's voracious fires!



THANKLESS for favors from on high,
Man thinks he fades too soon;
Tho' tis his privilege to die
Would he improve the boon.

But he not wise enough to scan
His best concerns aright,
Would gladly stretch life's little span
To ages, if he might.

To *ages* in a world of pain—
To *ages* where he goes,
Gall'd by affliction's heavy chain,
And hopeless of repose.

Strange fondness of the human heart,
Enamour'd of its harm !
Strange world, that costs it so much smart,
And still has pow'r to charm.

Whence has the world her magic pow'r ?
Why deem we death a foe ?
Recoil from weary life's best hour,
And covet longer woe ?

The cause is Conscience—Conscience oft
Her tale of guilt renews ;
Her voice is terrible, though soft
And dread of death ensues.

Then anxious to be longer spar'd
Man mourns his fleeting breath ;
All evils then seem light, compar'd
With the approach of Death,

'Tis judgement shakes him ; there's the fear
 That prompts the wish to stay :
 He has incurr'd a long arrear,
 And must despair to pay.

Pay !—follow Christ, and all is paid ;
 His death your peace insures ;
 Think on the Grave where *he* was laid,
 And calm descend to *yours*.



1793.

De sacris autem hæc sit una sententia, ut conserventur.

CICERO DE LEGIBUS.

But let us all concur in this sentiment, that things
sacred be inviolate.



HE lives who lives to God, alone ;
 And all are dead beside ;
 For other source than God, is none
 Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God, is to requite
His love as best we may ;
To make his precepts our delight,
His promises our stay.

But life, within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys compriz'd,
Is falsely nam'd, and no such thing,
But rather death disguis'd,

Can life in *them* deserve the name,
Who only live, to prove
For what poor toys, they can disclaim
An endless life above ?

Who, much diseas'd, yet nothing feel ;
Much menac'd, nothing dread ;
Have wounds, which only God can heal,
Yet never ask his aid !

Who deem his house an useless place ;
Faith, want of common sense ;
And ardour in the Christian race,
A hypocrite's pretence !

Who trample Order; and the day
Which God asserts his own,
Dishonour with unhallow'd play,
And worship *Chance* alone!

If scorn of God's commands, impress'd
On word and deed, imply
The better part of man, unblest'd
With Life that cannot die;

Such want it;—and that want uncur'd
Till man resigns his breath,
Speaks him a *Criminal*, assur'd
Of everlasting death.

Sad period to a pleasant course!
Yet so will God repay
Sabbaths profan'd without remorse,
And *Mercy* cast away.

An Epitaph

ON

MR. T. A. HAMILTON,

In the Church Yard of Newport-Pagnell.

Who died July 7, 1788, in the 32d year of his age.



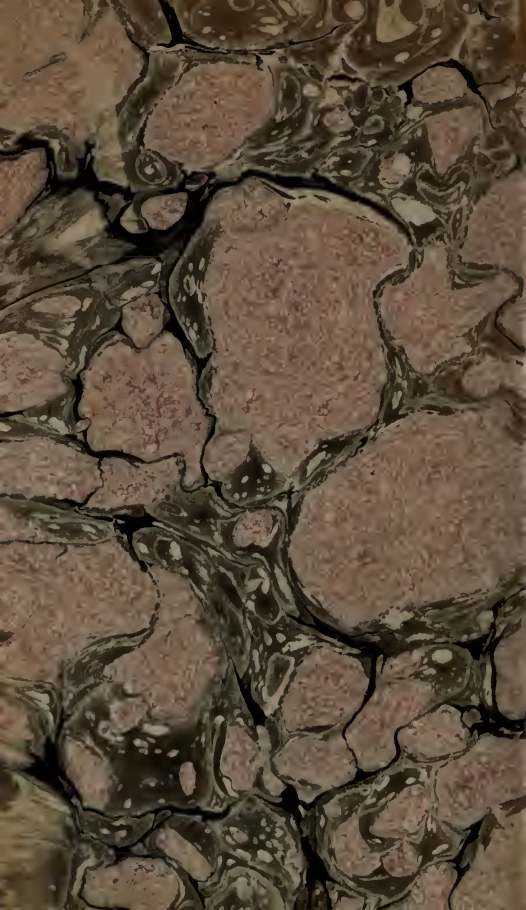
PAUSE here, and think. A monitory Rhyme
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time.

Consult Life's silent clock, thy bounding vein ;
Seems it to say—" Health, here, has long to reign ?"
Hast thou the vigour of thy youth ?—an eye
That beams delight ?—a heart untaught to sigh ?
Yet fear. Youth, oftimes healthful, and at ease,
Anticipates a day it never sees ;
And many a tomb, like HAMILTON's, aloud
Exclaims, " Prepare thee for an early shroud."



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1799
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Guyon, Jeanne Marie
(Bouvier de La Motte)
Poems

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